

ROBERT MUIRHEADS. LAMENT.

To a Pleasant New Tune.

1

Leave of my minde why thinks thou on,
She that was once my dear
does thou not know that she is gone,
and married now I hear
what madnes make the recolect
to think on such a maide
who allwise payd me with neglect
and my desinges bewraed.

2

Why wakenest thou again my woes
and thus tormenteth me,
who is the worst of all my foes
who only friend should be,
is she not dead to me alace
except her husband dye,
He yet remember on her face
for all her Creulitie.

3

For I never saw a thing so faire
since I had eyes to see,
a thing that was both Chast and raire
a thing that reavist me,
in modestie she did exceed,
the most of women kind,
I thought she had no fault Indeed
gift she had been mine.

4

I wet in my couceit I swear,
and Constantce to the
whilest no man Could withstand her feat,
nor shoon her destanie,
I Loved her well she lov'd not me
she was un great yow'l say,
some said it was but pr'e ie
O what great fools were they

5

For I tryed all the civil arts,
that ever any used,
with tears I did procleam my smart,
yet daylie was abused,
I am sure if ever she had Lov'd,
at length she would have shown'd
she slighted me and so she provd,
And manfullie disound.

6

Unhappie I if I recall,
these pevis thoughts again
to bring my spirit under thral
to reposes my pain,
If I had never seen her face
I had not fainted so,
to offer up a sacrifice,
to anie thing below.

FINIS.